

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
 And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves;
 (Sweet Solitude!) where warbling Birds provoke
 The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
 Of SAINT JOHN, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
 To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
 Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
 (So ANNA's Will Ordains) to Expedite
 His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
 To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
 Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
 Then shall His CHURCHILL in Sublimer Verse
 For Ever Triumph; latest Times shall learn
 From Such a Chief to Fight, and Bard, to Sing.

FINIS

A *Lichfield* 3.
Pam 58

TRIP
TO
LITCHFIELD.

WITH A
CHARACTER
OF THE
French OFFICERS there.

*By the Author of the Trip to
Nottingham.*

L O N D O N:
Printed, in the Year MDCCCV.

THE

LITCHEFIELD

CHARACTER



OF THE OFFICERS

By the Author of the
Nottingham

LONDON

Printed in the Year MDCCC

A
 T R I P
 T O
 LITCHFIELD.

NOW Muse, grown acquainted with Country Air,
 In suitable Meetre my Progress declare;
 Let Mountains and Fountains, and Grotto's prevail,
 Or, own thou'rt inspir'd with *Nottingham-Ale*.
 Again to relate past Adventures renew,
 And thence on to *Litchfield* the Ramble pursue.
 Having wasted some days-- with a great deal of Coin;
 And taken my leave of that Landlord of mine,
 From *Nottingham* next, for my Journey prepar'd,
 Being pleas'd with the Ramble t'ward *Litchfield* I steer'd;
 Resolving, like other Wise Men, for my part,
 What'e'r touch'd my Pocket, there's naught shou'd my Heart:
 When viewing my Stock, I still muster'd in Gold,
 Half-a-score as bright Pieces as ever were told,
 Which judging sufficient my Charge to defray,
 For the rest of my Journey,-- I jog'd on my way,
 No Plow-man so Merry, or Bridegroom so Gay:
 But now I a certain Intrigue must relate,
 Had like to have ruined a youngster's Estate:
 Where my Gold, in a *shower of Love*, all dissolves,
 And Spight of my Pride, shook my firmest Resolves.

It

It was my good Fortune, or bad, which you will,
 (Tho' the Place I, in honour, am bound to conceal,)
 That Night to arrive pretty late at my Inn,
 Where having a furious Temptation to Sin,
 I us'd all Efforts my young Hostess to move,
 And warmly attack'd her with vigorous Love:
 Her Eyes such a languishing softness exprest,
 They soon lit a Flame in my amorous Breast;
 Nor e'er had I seen, for a Hostess like her,
 A Creature so blooming, so young, and so fair:
 I vow'd that her Beauty had captiv'd my Soul,
 And kissing her hand, to her Bubbies I stole;
 More freedom I took, till all Rupture I grew,
 And swore (like most Lovers) more things than were true;
 Nor did she so cold my Addresses receive,
 But that she some hopes to my Passion did give,
 Yet subtle, as was her old Grandmother Eve;
 When finding her Humour, her Soul to entrap,
 I plackt out my Purse which I threw in her Lap,
 And carelessly begg'd, (to try ev'ry way)
 She'd lock up that Gold for me safe till next day;
 Or if she'd Except it, 'twas hers all, I swore,
 For but one kind Word, wert a thousand times more:
 She slightly refus'd it, and said on her word,
 It shou'd, in the Morning, be safely restor'd;
 So faint a Denial I plagueyly fear'd,
 Ne'er came from her Heart, tho' I freely declar'd,
 She shou'd except of it--- Denials were vain,
 When hearing me say so, she nibbled again;
 Nor longer to swallow the Bait she Neglects,
 (For the Devil, and Gold, runs avay vvith the Sex:)
 So being unable it's Povv' to vvithstand,
 On a certain Condition-- I kiss'd her fair hand,
 O! Gold, of vvhat force does thy Virtue consist,
 That not one poor Female thy Charms can resist?
 Thou hid'st all Defects, and to forward their Ruin,
 Can'st save a faint Lover the trouble of Wooing,
 Tho' peevish, and virtuous--- yet give 'em but Gold,
 They presently fall, like the Dragon of Old:
 Yet hovv freely the Bubble, to purchase his pleasure,
 Tho' adoring thy Brightness can part vvith his Treasure?
 Where Imprudence and Lust, do so fataly join,
 What's squander'd that vvay, Men but seldom repine:

For

For mine, with a heart full of Pleasure it went,
 Nor the Devil that tempted, wou'd let me Relent;
 When a Night of such joys in return she bestows,
 (Which to make it the sweeter, was stole from her Spouse,)
 That 'stead of Ten pieces, by *Venus* I swear,
 Ten thousand cou'd hardly have made it too dear!
 So *ANTONY* blest, with his Mistress lay,
 And for such happy *Nights*, gave the world all away;
 But I more a slave to my Passion was grown,
 And gave *All* my Store, for th' Enjoyment of *One*,
 Nay----- }
 Had I had too a World, I suppose, it had gone.
 As for the Good-Man, he it seems was'nt well
 Which luckily out for the Enterprize fell;
 Nor to his affliction cou'd I add much more,
 By planting his Horns---- when his head ach'd before.
 But now comes reflection--- next Morning grown cool,
 I began to consider of playing the Fool;
 When cloy'd with her Charms I lay Musing alone,
 And curs'd the dear folly, for what I had done;
 Yet resolv'd ere I'd ask her, the Gold to return me,
 I'd sooner trust Fortune the rest of my Journey
 Tho' had she made proffer--- as not to have kept it,
 I'd had the good grace, you may swear to accept it;
 But finding she'd no such good thoughts in her head,
 For the rest of my kind Entertainment I paid,
 And e'en took my leave, with as gen'rous an Air,
 As tho' I'd forgot such a trifling Affair.
 When just setting out-- as the Devil design'd it,
 Her Spouse--- who, by chance, some how happen'd to find it,
 Came down with the Purse in his hand-- and ask'd her,
 What Money that was--- and how it came there?
 For my part--- that
 I blush'd, you may swear, had you look'd in my face,
 Like some ruddy young Chaplain, had trip'd in his Grace
 Yet wisely resolv'd I no Notice wou'd take,
 Till first I had heard what Reply she wou'd make;
 When not knowing how to conceal it, I guess.
 (Nor yet being wholly Excluded from Grace,)
 O dear, 'tis this Gentleman's Honey, she cry'd,
 Which to lay up safe for him he gave me last Night:
 How lucky was this? Well, I'm glad you have brought it,
 I'll vow I'm affraid, he had gone else without it:

Begad, and thought I, I believe you speak true;
 But *Beelzebub* take me novv if I do:
 So putting it up without ever a word,
 I blest the dear chance had my Treasure restor'd,
 To come by the Husband; so luckily too,
 Was the civilest thing that a Cuckold cou'd do:
 Nor stay'd I to see what Suspicion it bred,
 Of odd jealous thoughts, in her Spouse's dear head,
 Nor to give her pretences--- if Satan had been,
 So strong in her Conscience, to've ask for't agin;
 But mounting I set out as fast as I cou'd,
 And onward t'ward *Litchfield* my Ramble pursu'd;
 So pleas'd with the Thoughts on't, I merrily rid,
 Still hugging my self at the happy Intrigue,
 Till at length jogging on, grown careles and idle,
 My Ears were attack'd with the noise of a Fiddle.
 When drawing yet nearer---
 I found, by my hand, there was something to do,
 By the Noise, and the Tumult-- which prov'd to be true;
 For *Harry* that morning was Married to *Kate*,
 And the Parish all round at the Wedding were met,
 Which made me resolve to put in there and Bait;
 Being just i'the Humour for such a Vagarie,
 I e'en blunder'd in 'mong the Bumpkins so merry:
 Who seeing me come, did with wonder behold me,
 Till one honest Fellow come to me, and told me,
 That since I by chance there had happen'd to light,
 I was VVelcome to stay, and Dine vvith the Bride:
 I kindly excepted his Love as a Friend,
 And said, if they pleas'd, I'd a Guinea to spend;
 VVhen ord'ring my Horse to be put in the Stable,
 I strait vv as conducted to Dine vvith the Rabble;
 Where Saluting the Bride, with the rest of the Blowfes,
 Some Maids with their Sweet-hearts, some Dames with their
 I scarcely had leifure a Health to begin, (Spoules
 to the new married Pair--
 Or to VVish 'em much Joy-- e'er Dinner came in;
 VVhere Pudding and Pasty, like hops, were destroy'd,
 And many a Joke put hard on the Bride;
 VVho simper'd, I'll warrant, and look'd as demure,
 As tho' she'd been ignorant what was said to'r,
 Tho' *Harry* had taught her a Twelve-month before. }
 Her Cheeks red as Roses-- vv ere plump'd up with fat,
 VVith a Mouth something large-- but no matter for that,
 The

The Proverb sometimes on't, may prove but a Jest,
 VVhich I'll not determine, since *Harry* knowys best.
 She'd an Arm plump and brawny-- clean scowr'd from dirt;
 VVith a Waist that was thick-- but exceedingly short:
 For her Dress-- she had on a fine Steeple-crown'd Hat,
 With a Wisk round her Neck-- which in pimlico sat;
 In Waistcoat of *Kersey*, lac'd up with Galloon,
 While beneath her short Coats her green Shooe-strings were
 For a Girdle, a Knot of green Ferret she wore, (shown;
 Of which her Attendants all Favours on't bore:
 But *Harry*, vvho judg'd her as fine as a Queen,
 Thought ev'ry minute, till Bed-time, was ten,
 He ogled and leer'd till it made his Mouth vvater,
 And shew'd, by his twitt'ring, he long'd to be at her.
 The Feast being over avvay vvent the Parson,
 And jogging to th' Musick went each VVenches A-- on,
 The Lads they got ready to trip with the Lasses,
 VVhile some honest Fellows stuck hard to their Glasses:
 Here *Roger* vvith *Susan*, and *Kester* vvith *Doll*,
 Being lovingly Coupled-- and *Stephen* to *Mall*;
 Each chusing their Partners away they went to't,
 Some Danc'd till they St--k, and some Drank till they Sp--d;
 Such frisking and skipping, and jetting of Bums,
 Some tir'd fat down-- others fill'd up their rooms,
 A medly of Humours-- here roaring and toping,
 And here in a Corner some squealing and groping;
 Some Lasses, by Dancing, so work'd to a heat,
 Stole out to be cool'd, and came in in a Svveat;
 Another sly Rogue that had danc'd vvith the Bride,
 VVhile *Harry* vvvas tipling took her a one side,
 Some fanning, some yauning, some vviping their Faces,
 While others were loos'ning the Smocks from their A--s
 Here jumbling, and tumbling, each other confounding,
 The Fidler plaid on, while the Beasts all danc'd round him.
 Till growing t'ward Ev'ning, up rose Mr. *Groom*,
 And now the fair *Bride* is attended on Home:
 Where Kisses, and Smut, to the Lasses delight,
 With a Bowl of Sack-Poffet concluding the Night;
 With many arch Gambols; as throwing the Stocking,
 Bell hung' under Bed, to know when it was rocking,
 While the sport it gave warning on--causing their Laughter.
 Set each Wenches A---s itching all the Year after:
 When all being ready; first, went Mrs. *Bride*,
 Led twixt *Roger*, and *Ralph*, with no little pride:
 VVhile

While *Harry*, (by those, who by right shou'd be Maids,)
 Was seiz'd of each side by a pair of brisk Jades;
 Next follow'd the Rabble--- each Lass with her Spark,
 By Pair's, as the Beasts enter'd into the *Ark*;
 The Fidler before 'em play'd over the Green,
 Such frisking and skipping sure never was seen.
 VVhen yet finding some honest Churls, wou'd not stir there,
 And judging it something too late to go farther,
 I fairly resolv'd now the Maggot did bite,
 To tarry among 'em and finish the Night:
 Nor scarce we again had sat down to our Liquor,
 But rid of the Rabble, came into's the Vicar,
 VVith one Sober *Bottle*, and Pipe to refresh him,
 And prov'd as good company, faith, as you'd wish him;
 All giving him place, he among us sat down,
 And now went the Glas about merrily round,
 To the Queen, to the Prince, and to *Marlborough's* Grace,
 To our Fleet, and our Army's next Summers Success
 Which brought in Discourse of the *French*, and the War:
 One said if the *Spaniards* shou'd take *Gibraltar*,
 As 'twas rumour'd they had, 'bove a Fortnight before,
 'Twou'd prove but a very sad Pill to this Nation,
 Since the *French* then might come here, and make an Invasion,
 And burn, and destroy us ee'n at their discretion:
 When finding Friend *Ralph* little more than half-witted,
 I ask'd where he thought *Gibraltar* might be seated?
 In *Africk*, in *Asia*, in *Europe*, or where?
 He knew not, he told me, nor did he much care
 In what County, or part of the Kingdom, it stood,
 Exactly,-- but this he was sure on, adsbud,
 (Or else he had been all his life-time mistaine,)
 If 'twas 'nt some Town parted *England* and *Spain*;
 But being convinc'd in an error he'd been,
 And that there did run a vast Ocean between;
 He fluster'd reply'd, he knew nought of the Seas
 He thought the whole World had been all of a Piece;
 Which making some Smile, to divert the Discourse,
 Another (tho' truly, his Language was coarse)
 Much wonder'd, he said, that some Folks were so idle,
 'Stead of sending more Force M--ts for to bridle,
 Saw 'em burn in his sight--, and sat tuning his F--le
 When rather those Troops to the *Rhine* shou'd advance,
 To support the vast Project of ent'ring *France*,

Not balk the Success of so great a Campaign,
 Or hope for a Battle of *Hochstet* again.
 The Remarks a third Person made of it were deep,
 Who declar'd his Opinion 'twas no time to sleep;
 For if we miscarry, says he, it is plain,
 Either *Marlborough* penetrates *France* this Campaign,
 Or *Villars* will visit the *Danube* again :
 Another, that banter'd the Siege of *Verue*,
 Said *Vendosme* had still some great Project in view,
 When he'd taken that Town, which he thought he'd ne'er do :
 No, 'gad, says the next, being wonderful mellow,
 I take him to be but a Sauntering Fellow ;
 If his other fine Projects succeed, faith, no faster,
 He may e'en Gallop Home, and sing *Hymns* with his Master.
 This Talk did at length the *French Heroes* bring in,
 When one, that but lately at *Litchfield* had been,
 Got up in a mighty great passion, and swore,
 There was naught but a parcel of *Jacobites* there,
 Those *French-men*, says he, are so highly respected,
 That a poor Country-Clown is disdain'd, and neglected !
 They're Feasted and Treated,-- and who now but them,
 Adsbud, I'll maintain, 'tis a stark burning shame ;
 I'll appeal to the Doctor-- 'tis likely he knows,
 Whether't e'en't Petty-Treason to hold with our Foes :
 Like Captives! adswoukers, they live more like Lords!
 Have the Cream of all things that the County affords!
 Go whither they list, have the *Town* at Command,
 Take their pleasure, and feed on the fat of our Land ;
 But this I must say, e're I further advance,
 They have Money enough,--- Wish it all come from *France*.
 Thus chatting o're Bumpers, the Evening we clos'd,
 When staggering to Bed pretty handsomly dos'd ;
 To which, with Excuses, my Landlord convey'd me, (be ?
 For where, but at th' Wedding, shou'd's Daughter and Maid
 Having got my first Sleep out-- a rumbling I heard
 In the Room where I lay---
 (Which, to tell you the truth of, stood in the Yard,)
 When listning, I found it the Ostler and Dovvdy,
 Were e'en at their Labour as hard as they cou'd be ;
 (So convenient a Place -- they had often made Love in,)
 She struggl'd and panted--- but he still kept moving,
 Novv marry, fye dan't ye, she cry'd, are you vvild !
 Lord--- vvhat shall I do, if you get me vvith Child ?

Not dreaming of my being there I suppose,
Ralph hit the old Proverb, and follow'd his blows;
 Had there not been two Beds, tho' t' had spoil'd their design;
 For then I suppose they had tumbled on mine:
 When having dispatch'd the small business he'd with her,
 A while they sat smuggling and chatting together;
 Among other matters---alas, says poor *Nell*,
 Ah *Ralph*--- I much fear, now I've granted your Will,
 You never will Marry me--- tho' you have sworn,
 And wish'd o're and o're you might perish or Burn,
 If e'er you deceiv'd me, or left me i'th' lurch;
 Nay;--- you said at next *Wakes* you'd be ask'd in the Church;
 But, *Ralph*---
 Growing sick when she put such cold thoughts in his Head,
 Reply'd it was time that his Horses were fed,
 And so for that time e'en got rid of the Jade.
 When taking my Nap out, next Morning I rose,
 With an itching Desire, to ogle poor *Blowse*;
 But having discover'd I lay there all Night,
 And fearing I'd bring all the Murther to light,
 The Devil abit, she'd come into my sight:
 Nor wou'd I give *Ralph* (tho' the Rogue had the Grace,
 To blush for't) a hint of the Bus'ness he guess,
 I knew something on, by the guilt in his Face:
 From whom, (now accoutred) my Beast I receiv'd,
 And early that Ev'ning at *Litchfield* arriv'd,
 Where at the *Three Diadems* taking my Quarters;
 I fell into Chat with the Widdow's fair Daughters:
 The Girls I perceiv'd, were endu'd with some Grace;
 And cou'd Wittily talk of Romances and Plays;
 Had a Quality Air, with the *Toss Alamode*,
 Not brought up hum drum in the dull Country Road:
 I profer'd my Heart the first Minute I came,
 But soon appear'd those, struck a damp to my Flame;
 Not long (much enamour'd) addressing I'd been,
 When some of the Gay, Airy Mounseurs came in:
 Up the Widdow her self from the two Elbow'd Chair rose,
 And strait with much Curtesie welcom'd the *Heroes*;
 Who, for all the Regard and Respect that she paid 'em,
 I found that her Daughters the Stars were led 'em;
 'Twas easily seen their Devotion lay there,
 For every thing must submit to the *Fair*,
 Tho' vanquish'd before by our Forces in Field,
 To our *Women*, as well as our *Heroes*, they yield,

Ev'n

Ev'n *ENGLAND* (tho' much of their Grandeur it wants)
 Has something may Rival the Pride of all *France*;
 Where *Cupid* ---
 Asserting his Mother's Invincible pow'r,
 Makes 'em Captives to *Beauty*, as well as to War:
 And faith by their Gay'ty it hard to be seen was,
 Whose Fetters they wore, *Bellona's*, or *Venus*;
 Nor did it appear in their Mein, or their Air,
 They'd any Concern at the Fortune of VVar.
 Being highly thus welcom'd; and shew'd to their Room;
 Says I, they are come here to sup, I presume;
 VVhen one of the *Fair Ones* soon reply'd me yes,
 And you may sup with 'em too, Sir, if you please;
 They're Generous, Obliging, nor Nice do appear;
 They often Converse with our Gentlemen here;
 There's no one regards 'em as Foes, nor need you;
 I believe they'll be glad of your Company too,
 I told her, with thanks, if she'd take it upon her,
 She'd oblige one that highly wou'd value the Honour.
 She said that there did no Apology want,
 She'd build on a Favour, she's sure they wou'd grant.
 VVhen Supper was ready, I usher'd was in,
 Receiv'd and Carress'd, as some Heroe I'd been,
 Nor knew I by Jove, to return it agin;
 VVith a dull native Air, I their Congees sustain'd,
 (For to Copy their Gay'ty, must needs be constrain'd)
 To Supper we sat, where we'd *Beauty* and *Wine*,
 Things held by most Mortals, as pure and Divine:
 VVhere, however Foreign, their Breeding might prove,
 I found they had *English* enough to make Love:
 Such am'rous Discourses the *Glass* did restrain,
 And *Beauty* the only Health was drank then,
 Till the Cloath was remov'd, with a *Glass* Brimmer high;
 One put it about--- saying, *Vive le Roy*:
 When coming to me, I exub'rated mine,
 And with true *English* bluntness, cry'd,--*Heav'n bless the Queen*:
 Which so far from Exception, they all did receive,
 It pass'd for good Humour --- when taking my Leave,
 As judging I but an Intruder had been,
 I modestly wou'd have retir'd agen:
 But soon with an Air, intercepting my way,
 They gen'rously all importun'd me to stay:
 I was eas'ly won to embrace their Desire,
 Nor handsomly cou'd I in Honour retire;

When